

# Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by "Jack" Binns, Hero of the Republic

Tells To-Day of Experiences in His  
Cage on a Great Ocean Liner and  
the Women Who Ask Questions.

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BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS,  
The Republic's Famous "C. Q. D." Man.

A wireless operator must pet and caress his instruments even as a violinist tunes his strings or a chauffeur tests his engines. The spark-gap flashes of the wireless is the ocean song of electricity—the humming of the auto on land.

He is as helpless as a babe if he doesn't know every little device's condition. It's like a person out of sorts, only far more so. A fellow off edge can't work the limit, and the least bit of illness with any part of the wireless makes the whole system deathly sick and useless.

Going on a voyage is full of expectation to land. Now, isn't it real interesting?

You know you have everything adjusted and ready long before the big boat's horn announces you are out in the stream. To be sure you try with it a bit as the gangplank rolls from the ship's side and a crowded pier is a waving sea of handkerchiefs and farewells. Once into the stream you telephone the captain "All's well" and stand by. You take up the 1420 inch communication chart, furnished by the Marconi, indicating just where in the Atlantic you will pass—incoming or possibly slower outgoing vessels.

But That Is Only Routine.

These are the first routine matters. None of the fashionably dressed tourists have begun their wanderings about the decks to finally reach you and loathe you with questions a scientist couldn't answer. You're smoking your pipe or some of the ship's cigarettes, and, maybe, dreaming of an evening on land and a fair face who won you by her smiles. Or, maybe, you're thinking how many days and nights are before you until you'll see her on the other shore. The phone rings at your side. It's from the captain's bridge—the only phone leading to the wireless room.

"Please say to office that Miss O'Hare, No. 143, lost her purse and tickets on deck."

It's the "old man's" voice and you're well down stream.

It's the old story—some one always losing or dropping something. Sea Gate is near and you tell them. Maybe an hour after you get your first message.

"MRC, MRC, MRC (Republic). Purse found. Give her ship's best."

It's a MSG (captain's message) and no one knows its contents but the shipper. Passing down below Sea Gate you say, maybe:

SA, SA (Sea Gate), how's things? Gale coming. All well here. Had big time on Broadway this trip."

On Liner's Last Trip.

We left New York that Friday alone. The chart showed us meeting the Baltic 10 miles east of Ambrose Light ship. I stood by the key until after two o'clock that morning to hail her, but got nothing. Then I lay down for a few hours until I could meet the New York about nine o'clock.

My nap was interrupted by the Florida. Then came the long tedious hours which, the newspapers persist, made me a hero. I did my duty, that's all, and expect nothing for it.

Usually you are quite out of the limelight. You send a hundred messages or so all along the Atlantic coast to Marconi stations until well into the Atlantic and nothing happens to moud you into a hero, unless long hours and no sleep help to make one such.

Probably a day out of a group of sweet faced young women saunter up to your wireless cabin on the upper deck and knock two or three times. If the sparks are flashing there's something doing and you can't run to the door. If not, you receive the passengers and while away some pleasant minutes. They want to know how it's done.

All are curious about the sparkler and the big key and the swinging wires fixed to the mast and the chart, but I haven't run afoul of many who would ask the lonely operator if he's married or how he likes the sea. But you have them, and they are pretty, and you like to have 'em around—when you're not busy. You get it from all sides like this:

"Oh, Mr. Operator, won't you please tell us all about wireless? How's it worked?" Where is Mr. Marconi now— isn't he a hero? What's this for and why does that spark jump? And really, isn't it quite wonderful how you can

communicate with this? I can't tell you much like this. "Successful wireless depends on perfect insulation. Moisture such as the fog we ran into on the Republic may collect and ruin us energy. It is the operator's duty to examine his aeriols frequently. These wireless waves go much longer over the surface of salt water than over the land and much farther in winter than in summer and more effectively at night than at day. The more aeriols I have the further we can send."

"I can send a message any place on the globe on board. Suppose I want to house a ship in the Atlantic. Even with all these liners crossing and recrossing it is only to find the steamer

wanted by the Marconi chart, which looks like a weather map full of lines. Assuming the message has been received at the Sagaponack station—the one this side of Sagaponack where Ginn got my C. Q. D. key for help for transmission to the Conard, the operator may find her several hundred miles away—out of his zone. But the New York is midway between Sagaponack

and the Umbria. The operator signals the New York, and when he receives the message is relayed. "We are bound to an oath of secrecy under Great Britain's laws. With a penalty of a year's confinement, of \$100 fine, or both. Of course, you hear talking all the way across the ocean, and often you are amused and—sometimes scandalized."

"You wouldn't let the slush of the streets and pavements in bad weather get to your hands would you? Then why shouldn't you protect your feet from it, too?"

The Men and Women Wearing

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes

never hesitate going about their affairs in the meanest weather, because they know by experience that the Cork and Cushion shoes keep the cold and wet from entering their shoes. In this way their feet are kept dry and warm, which is a safeguard against many ills.

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## Second of a Series of Articles Binns the "C. Q. D." Man The Wireless Operator Aboard Ship



JACK BINNS

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## SAYS BROTHER ROBBED HER AND KILLED HUSBAND

Mrs. Kliff Makes Dramatic  
Identification in Vassar Hos-  
pital at Poughkeepsie.

(Special to The Evening World.)

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Mrs. John Kliff, whose husband was murdered last Sunday morning at their home, Hopewell Junction, when she was horribly beaten by two men, who later robbed the house, regained consciousness for the first time shortly after midnight this morning, and her brother, Theodore Adams, who was arrested yesterday on suspicion that he had knowledge of the murder and robbery, was brought to the side of her cot in Vassar Hospital.

Mrs. Kliff opened her eyes and looked about her. A nurse whispered: "You are in the hospital. Don't become excited. You will have the best of care."

Mrs. Kliff's gaze rested on her brother for a second, and then she burst out:

"I saw you!" She cried.

"Give me my money! You took it! I saw you sitting beside my bed, mopping my face with your blue handkerchief."

"You are mistaken, sister," said Adams.

"No, I am not!" Mrs. Kliff almost screamed. "You had your hand under my pillow, reaching for the bag in which the money was kept."

Adams' nerve could not be shaken. District-Attorney Mack and a detective stood at his elbow. He did not notice their presence as he leaned forward and kissed the injured woman. Then he repeated:

"You are mistaken, sister," and again he kissed Mrs. Kliff, who was too weak to avoid him.

Adams then was taken back to jail, and the charge of being a suspicious person was changed to murder.

Yeggmen Were Blamed.

The murder of John Kliff, a restaurant keeper, fifty-seven years old, the leaving of his wife, Sarah, thirty-nine, and the theft of \$50 which he was known to have kept in his home, was at first thought to be the work of two yeggmen from New York City.

Hopewell Junction is a railroad centre for the New Haven and Central New England Railroads. Only a few hours before the murder of Kliff the police discovered that the two robbers had broken into two railroad stations, one four miles and the other eight miles above Hopewell. For their trouble they got about 50 cents.

Leaving the second station, they walked to Hopewell, arriving there about 6 o'clock Sunday morning. Kliff's restaurant was kept open at all hours, and the two men entered. One of them had a sandy mustache and wore a soft cap according to several persons who saw them on the street.

As the two men entered the restaurant one of the men said to Mr. Kliff:

"Give me a bag of tobacco."

The man was heard to give this order by persons on the street. The police

believe that as Mr. Kliff turned to the counter to get the tobacco he was struck down from behind.

Woman Struck Down.

The robbers then entered the sleeping apartments in the rear. Mrs. Kliff had been aroused by the fall of her husband's body, and started to the store when she was struck down by one of the robbers. The robbers then secured the \$50 and made off.

Kliff and his wife were not discovered until 8:45 o'clock. Kliff died at 10 o'clock and his wife was removed to the hospital. The bolt with which the crime was committed was found on the restaurant floor.

Suspicion turned on Adams yesterday and he was taken into custody. He declared the charge against him was an outrage, but he was held.

"If Mrs. Kliff regains consciousness, then we shall see what she has to say about it," commented District-Attorney Mack.

Mrs. Kliff was called late last night. It was seen that Mrs. Kliff was regaining her senses. A blood clot had formed over the brain, and when this was dissipated the doctors reported to the Prosecutor that there was a bare chance for her recovery.

Mrs. Kliff sank into insensibility almost immediately after she had accused her brother.

DEAD IN HIS BUNK.

Thomas Colney, fifty-five years old, captain of city scow No. 18, was found dead of apoplexy in his bunk early today. Colney lived with his sister, Mrs. Mary Duffy, at No. 24 East Fourteenth street.

## HOW TO CURE ASTHMA

Successful Method of Home Treatment  
For Every Sufferer.

It is not necessary, although many people think it is, to change climate in order to cure asthma. This distressing disease can be cured at home, and without absence from business.

The discovery, a short time ago, of the wonderful specific, asacato, has made it possible to cure the most obstinate cases of asthma right at home in four or five weeks, and save off the choking spells at night caused by suffocation and looked forward to with fear and anxiety."

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The way for any one to become satisfied that asacato is a really wonderful remedy is, simply, to write to the Austrian Laboratory, 10 West 25th street, New York City, and ask for an experimental treatment, which they will be glad to send by mail without any charge whatever.

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Engagement Ring, steel white, perfectly cut, flashing brilliancy, 9-16 karat, worth \$100. Our price,

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